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Personal essay

Draft 1

Volunteering in my life

It is acknowledged that when you are a teenager you want to declaire about yourself and you think , that you can change the whole world. Different girls and boys do different and sometimes weird actions. Somebody dies one’s hair with pink color or do piercing in all possible parts of body; others argue with parents, teachers and in worth case left their family home. Everyone does something that shouts: “Look at me! I’m adult enough to make my own decisions! ”. I was not an exception, as a lots of teenagers, who were in adolescence period I wanted to do the same, but fortunately in different way.

When I was a pupil at school, our teacher always did some announcements about helping kids, who is in orphanage by donating our unnecessary clothes. I remember, that I was late and they finished collecting clothes and sent it to orphanage. I was really upset about this and I collected all my shoes, t-shirts even those which I was wearing at that time and started my journey. Actually, that refuge for children without parents was right near my house. When I came in that orphanage I was shocked. Kids were everywhere. Different ages, different faces, nationalities. I could not describe the facial expressions of that boys and girls, but I exactly knew that they were completely different from full-family kids. I still remember that little white baby faces with deep sadness in their eyes and their wrinkles, because of lack of nutrition and maybe non adequate care. Who cares about kids who were left by their born mothers? Sometimes we do not care about our born children, and they even could drive us crazy with their bad behavior.

I left my clothes and went home. I was thinking and digesting all of what happened at that day. Next day I decided to went back to that place and be a little bit closer to that kids. I did not know about volunteering, about the meaning of this word, but I had a great willingness to do something, just try to change their faces and make them happy even for 1 minute. It was a great experience in working with kids, I really love them. I had been working in that orphanage for 2 years. Every day I played, fed, went to walking and did baby sitting with children under 1 age. It is so amazing feeling when you help 3 years old boy how to say simple words like “a dog”, “a cat” and when he does it you cheer him and he is so happy that he did it.

I do not regret about that time that I spent in that place, because that experience is priceless and it made my mind change. Maybe I will sound crazy, but I love people, and I except everyone as they were created by the God. Children are like a clear sheet of paper and what you write in this paper it will be in their life book. They cannot lie, they feel how do you regard to them, sincerely or not. I think that every children must be loved, no matter if it is your born kid or it is somebody’s child, because without love they could become mentally hard adults.

I know that I cannot change all of that poor children’s lives, but I know that I tried do my best. I respect those people, who patronage orphanages and donates clothes, food, medicines, but it is still a little number of people. Everybody cares just about themselves, they forgot that we are all people and we should help each other. We are all were kids and most of us from full families that gave us love and care, so let’s share that kindness and warmness with others, who does not have parents, older sisters or brothers. I will never forget the girl, Russian girl, who was left by her mom in hospital, her name was Sasha, she was 6 year old. I was doing her pony tail, she said: “I love you Zarina…Wish you be my older sister”. I think that just for this words we should do something, that will really change not somebody’s, but first of all our life.